.

NORA BRADY'S VOW. BY MRS. ANNA H, DORSHY.

CHAPTER X - CONTINUED. One evening Nors was standing by be bedside, looking down and surrowini heart on the pale, notion less features of Mr. Halloran. He seemed to be sieeping, and sighed heavily, then, opening his eyes, looked around him. Almost breathless, Nors. sank quietly down on her knees; and, turning his head, he said, faintly, "Home, Nora." Then a soit simmler stole over him, his breathing became r, and a genule noisture somear-his skin. When Dr. Bryant "Stand, then. Do you ever think the pronounced him out of c. Little by little, when his ousness was fully restored, they thing for you to be asking me," and regular, and a gentle moisture ad on his skin. When Dr. consciousness was fully restored, they cold him all. The first wish he exmive the sacraments; after which he posive the sacraments; after which he man's wife, Nora—to become a fine was more cain and composed, and lady and drive in your own carriage?"

Troth, sir, an' it would depend intaiked with Nora, whose presence be could scarcely realize. He looked at her, and followed he with his eves sonvinced that she was not a figment of the dream land he had been so journng in so many days, and might meit sway as that had done. But ere long he left home. It was almost too for him to bear. The treachery much for him to bear. of Donald More roused within him a it all you want, Mr. Mallow, to be stern, bitter feeling of wrath, which makin fun of me?" yielded only to a softer emotion when te heard of his shorn lacabs seeking among the forsaken runs of

*But [will be still, Nors. [will, by the help of God, bear it with patience. ring the wretch who has rapped my ten to His avenging justice. I them all left to me, -I shall ere long have them with me. -my Mary, Desmond, and my gentle little darling Why, then, should I repine Such treasures are of inestimable price t, possessing them, I am not poor. Do you know that the only thing I can during my illness was Arrayed in white, and looking like an angei, the child was ever : site seemed to guide me. and to brighten the gloom of the darkness into which I Sometimes a white dove outd fintter down on my breast : then it would not be a dove, but her. it is a strange, deep love I have for the little, quiet one, to brighten up such dark hours when all eise was for-

'it was strange, sir ; but you always of the little lady more, by reason of her always hanging about on and following you about wherever you went, surely, said Nora.

They did not know that the fair tie daisy of Glendariff had been besten down by the death storm to the rau, when thou hearest the laie No letters had come yet : and he could not concesi his anessiness. Nors, hid ing her own anxiety, said all that was ering, and used every argument she sould think of to convince him that it was not time for the letters to come and that without fail a budget would arrive by the next ship. He tried to lione for the best, although not con

One morning Mr. Mailow came in as asual, and, in his own peculiar and abrupt way, inquired if Mr. Hailoran tad made any business arrangement essionally or in a mercantile way, for the future. Mis. His next inquiry was, you know anything about book.

keeping and commercial life?"
"But little, practically," said Mr.
Hailoran, haif amused. "My father in his early life was an eminent merchant of Dublin, and became a gentleman farmer at the old place retired from business. As you may imagine, he was a great utiliamong my other acquireneuts, insisted on my going through a course of commercial studies with old book-keeper, who was then head of the house he had retired from."

"Have you forgotten it all?"
"No, no; I think, not, sir. I have the unfortunate faculty of retaining with singular tenacity all disagreeable replied Mr. Halloran experiences, But may I be allowed to ask you why so particularly interested in this matter

Yes, of course, My chief bookkeeper has resigned; he is going to California; and h you will have the place you are welcome to it, that is, provided you think yourself fully cap able of keeping my accounts in order

is a providence, Mr. Mailow, one of God's merciful providences and, after thanking Him from enths of my soul, thank you, sir. who have been His willing instrument only this day wondering what should do to support my family. will suit me in every particular.

"But the salary, -the salary. That's t's only eighteen hundred ioilar; and I won't give a cent more. ssid Mr. Mallow.

That sounds princely, sir. to a man without a doilar. It is quite enough." is settled, then? Weil, rest a few days longer. I will attend to the books myself until you are stronger. Now, there's another thing. A year or so ago I bought a very pretty piece of property near the city, with good. substantial improvements on it; but, sir, it is going to week for want of some one to take care of it. The contage looks dilapidated, and everything ngied and wild around it. Now. if you choose, you can have it at a mere nominal cent, just for the sake of having it kept in order, because bythey'll be running a railroad or building a town there, through it. and won't give half as much for it if it goes to wreck as if it was in good re-

"It is the very thing I should have residence somewhere in a eural district. I have been accuston to the country nearly all my life. Sir,

you are loading me with favors." 'Not at all. Don't thank me. A. book keeper is indispensable to me ; so loneliness of the grave and the long

is a good tenant. Good morning." mr. Mailow went out.

A low days afterward Mrs. Sy ney mane to the laundry, where N ra was may, and told her that Mr. Mailow came to the laundry, where N ra was busy, and told her that Mr. Mallow while to speak to her. Whiping her hands, tying on a clean apron, and senothing her hair, she followed Mrs. Sydney up into her own private ait stag-com, looking blooming and hand-some, but nodest and unconscious of her beauty.

"Did you want me, sir ?"

"Yes. Sit down there"
"No : I thank you, sir. I'm very
busy, and I'd rather stand."

Nors, reddening.

" How would you like to be a rich tirely on who the cich man was, whether I'd have him or not. As to being a fine lady. I think I'm content to be jest what God made ne -- su honest girt an' as He's give me good broad for ne own, an' health to make good use of 'em, I'm well satisfied to be

"And may-be a rich widow one of him all that had betailen his family these days," went on Mr. Mailow. fooiln' here in such nonsense as this. Is

No; not at all. I want a wife, Nora Brady, and should like to marry you, if you'll consent, because you are a good, noble, virtuous girl, who de wes all the comfort and happines that money can buy. If you will marry me, become my companion and nurse have grown old in scraping together am old. I am ill favored, I a but you would not be plagned with me many years, child; and I know you wonid he while I live. Say, will you become the wife of the old millionaire, Steadfast

I'm only a poor girl," stam-· Sir, nered Nora; " but I wouldn't marry you if you had a hundred million pounds sterling. You're old enough for my great-grandfather; an'-an as good as married already to Dennis Byrne in fremut, an ny troth to him to save my own life. But, sir, I beg your partion for my dain anaking; 5-" And Nora burst Byrne in Ireland, an' wouldn't break plain spatting; !-- 'And Nora burst into tears, and turned to leave the

" Stop, Nora. I night have known you were not a bale of merchandise, to be bought with money, and I don for I'm a very cross grained, esions minded old screw, and am not of a good wife. I wanted a good nurse. and somebody belonging to me to leave my money to when I died. But it's my arst and last attempt at matrimony Some of these days, when I get man child, I shall come and live with you and that Dennis-what't-his-name, and expect to be well taken care of-en

You Il be very weicome, Mr. Mailow," said Nora, biushing. been a great friend to us all, an' we'll be proud to return some of your kind ness, sir. May I go now? Thank you, sir.

I declare to my ould shoes," said Nora, as she ran from the room, the ould gentleman hasn't been as grazy as a June bug ever since he los money. Marry him, indeed! big ever since he lost that world, an' of the good his riches could do in this, instead of tryin' to turn a poor giri's head with em.

ora evidently thought it was one of Mr. Mailow's queer freaks, and troubled terseif to more about what had been bitterest disappointment of the singular old man's life.

day or two, sure enough, the letters came, and the ceasen of their detention was explained. Father Mo-Carthy, to whom they had nearly all been indiosed for him to forward, had been called to Dubila by the Archbishop on some ecciesiastical business, and had been seized with a sudden and violent illness, which had detained him there many weeks. Thus the letters from America to Fada Bree accumulated in his letter-box, along with the letters from Fada-Bree to America. John Hai oran at last opened the one containing the account of the death of his child. He knew now that his bright little song bird, the fair biossom of his heart, had fled heavenward. He knew than by this time the dust of the grave had athered on that round, blue veined brow that his lips had lingered on in mould had given forth its violets and shamronks above the deep ceil of that ilent digister where she slumbered Other creats had beeraced and wounded the surface of his heart, but this struck down like a barbed arrow into its vital tenderness. They would have comforts ed him-Father Nugent, Dr. Bryant, poor Nors, who so much needed comfort herseif ; but, in a low, choking voice, only desired to be alone. Then he wiestled with his agony. He stretched out his arms, as if by the power of his love and will be would bring his fair spirit child back to his bosom. He knew now that she had been with him in the strange darkness he had passed through: and, as he called to mind the tender, beautiful face, the ineffable juy and sweetness that brightened it, ais tears began to flow. They heard him walk ing to and fro, all day and all night but no one saw the workings of this great agony of his life, nor for many days would be admit any one except Father Nugent, to witness his faitering and failing along this newly-found Via Dolorosa. But at last the tempest was stilled—thanks be to God such tempers last not forever i—the clouds were reft away, and through the vists of Faith he saw his angel child in a truer and more real life than this, cleansed from earthly defilements, and for ever and evermore a dweller among the fai sons of God. But still like a mourner his heart lingered beside the little

habited; still the chill and gloom and

eparation eracified its instincts; and, separation crimined its instincts; and, while the soul cried out, "Thou hast done a good thing, my God, in gather-ing home this shild from the pollution of earth," nature, rebelling, still murof earth," nature, rebeiling, still mur-nured, "My God, Thou hast struck me a heavy blow! Couldst Thou not have spared me?"

And from that day a change came over Join Halloran. Many a gray hair shone out smid the clustering brown locks over his samples; he felt more like a wayfarer than a traveler on earth; and it became the sun of his life to think and act as one who was honored by the dignity of being the parent of an angel, to whose fair tome his soul aspired, and who, he believed, often and often came and ministered to him, and who he hoped would be with him in the last struggle of life, to conduct him to the regions of eternal life. These thoughts were the companions luner life. Outwardly he was calm and gentle, giving a quiet and persevering actention to business, occupying himhe workmen who were reusiring Bre Cottage," and, aided by Nora, selecting furniture and making every decessary arrangement for the reception of his family. None saw or intruded his solitary novements : they only know that a heavy and bitter brial failen on him in the loss of his little bine-eyed daughter, and their sympath was done the less deep for being an-

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION. But there are hours of lonely musing.

ase some melting tears to flow.

The hawthern hedge rows were white with biossoms, and on the brac-side violets opened their bine eyes under the tangled fern, while daise in fair constellations, gleamed here and there above the springing grass. The note of the cuskoo was heard ring ing at intervals through the air, as tended by her little brownie flitted from tree to tree. Down into rushed a mountain brook, naking wild nusic as it in fromy cascades over its rocky on winding gently and brightly away like a thread of silver, through the fertile and picturesque vale, while here and there small plantations of willow which grew along its banks threw their ong, green tresses right lovingly into its laughing waters. High up, in the bine silent depths of heaven, fleecy stouds, with the golden sunshine of hom. foated softie vreached themselves like coronals or hung in gleaming draperies on the ummits and around the peaks of the nountains, while the baling vesterly winds gently unfolded would have worn that day the likeness Earth of Eden, but that in the golden sun-light the decay of Time and the riduphs of Death told another tale Amid the spring verdure, tononed iere and there with squiit haios, the gray old ruins of Fada Brae beautiful. The dlinging nusses, no longer brown, looked draperies of veivet [estooned from tur and tower, so rich and green was the tint they wore : while with its dark glistening leaves, gar anded, like deschiess nemories. silent dioisters below. Amid them lay the dead of ages-mitred appois nonite, princes, and knights. The tombs were all more or less dilapidated least, those of an ancient dateand some were unite despoiled of stone or marbie traced them, and which now lay grimly on the earth, almost overgrown Ib had been or centuries the burial place of McCarthy Mores, though their number had been laid there sings Ireland had become an English gone abroad and lived and died in the Catholic countries of Murope, prefer og exile to a sight of the grievances and oppressions which they canid no comove, and which each year became

Mrs. Hailoran's parents vere siumbering there, and near them was a little grave, around which clusters of violets were clustered like a garland, being in full bloom, sent out their spicy odors like incense on the Planted by a nother's hand, and vatered by such tears as only mothers shed, they were precious memorials of the little sleeper below. The marble gross at the head of the grave, with its diaborate carving and now giesming brightly in the sunshine. poke not to the least as did those flowers, those living types of the life of the soul and the resurrection of the body. Mrs. Hailoran and Desmond spent the morning there, talking of the last spring they were all at Glendariff together, and of the "little now so sweetly sleeping at their ; of how she used to waten the unfolding of her favorite flowers and listen daily for the notes of the birds she best loved. Her little vise sayings vere repeated, and her quiet laugh comembered, with a sad smile : then she used to ask, the questions n deep meaning, were suggested, as if by an angel, to lead the grief worn that mourning mother from the dust to the eternal heavens, where, in a truer, a fuller, a more bilssiul life. her bosom was cared for more tenderly and surrounded by a nore ineffable love than even her yearning heart could conceive of. "No: she is not here," said Mary Hadoran, laying her hand on the little nound. It is only the little earthgarb that we were used to see her inhe veil our angel worse, and which, of the dust, belongs to tife dust, get still beloved because it was hers, and be cause every atom will again be gathered together and fashioned mew to receive for eternity the glorifled being which, although living, we no longer see." Thus nurmined the bereaved bine, bright distance which roiled like ocean waves, though silently, between

to comfort herseif, and consec crown of thorns which so deeply pierced her.

It was growing toward noon; and, cailing Desmond, who was trying to decipher an itsoription on an old tomb, they started homeward. They had not gone far when they asw Dennis Byrne coming toward them. Mrs. Halloran instantly apprehended a visit from her consin, Donald More; but, to her great relief, Dannis informed her that Major O'Gracy from Glendariff had come over to spend the day. He was her husband's best friend; and she thought instantly that he had perhaps eccived later intelligence from him than she lad, and quickened her pace. am giad to see you, madam, aid the major, meeting her at the door: " upon my soul, I'm delighted the roses blooming on your cheeks this fine morning ; and Master Desmond grown up son before you know where

"I am glad to see you, major : you are truly welcome. But allow me to offer you some refreshments, 'said Mrs.

"Thank you heartily for the well come, but the refreshments I decline, if you please. I breakfasted at a late nour in the valley, and do not wish spoil my appetite for dinner, did you hear from Hailoran ?"-When

About two weeks ago And how was he?

He had been ill, but was quite re covered, and thinks that but for the nursing and care of Nora Brady he nust have died. It's a najor, but Nora has laid us all under well and the end of it is time John is "Thur".

That's fine news altogether. Brady's a noble crescure, and deserves ust such a husband as that fue feilow Dennis Byrne will make ier. In France they would be pensioned by government for their idealty. I was afraid the little girl's death would be a leavy blow to John.

to was," said Mrs. Hailoran, while Weil, it's natural, I suppose, for people to grieve; but I don't think it's right. No one could do for that gentle,

ittle lamb what her Father in will do. Just think of her being an angeil Vhy, by this and that, I think it's glorious, -too glorious a thing to shed And, by the way of llustrating his precept, the major shed ars himseif. How are our friends around-the

old neighborhood?" inquired Mrs. Hallorso, after a pause; for are dared rust lerseif ao further on this theme "Around Glendariff? Pretty weil, at least all that you are interested about; and those who knew I was oming sent a thousand nessages of ove and condcience, which you must essive on my credit, dear lady, for I

I am glad to be remembered," said Mrs. Hailoran, smiling. "I forgot them because I had other and more important affairs to think over and talk over when I saw you; and -hang it all, it's no use to be beating around the bush any longer. I came on business which I don't know low to let out for the life of me. the very worst diplomat in the world. don't know how it will affect you; but teil me, do you ever go off into hysterics, or faintings, or the like? he I teil you plainty, if you should give a once more yours. And if you should ever so small a shriek, I should be of hear Dennis Syrne give a reil, don't

I believe I have grown too strong in my powers of endurance for any such demonstrations, major. But I feet exceedingly any one to hear what this which you have so strangely

Weil, it's no more nor less than this: your consin, Donald More, -hold on, now, -the base scoundrei, is dead."

one night, coming from Klidare, and was so injured that he died in a few days." "Then let all animosities be buried

with him. We shall tread lightly over his ashes; and may God forgive him, even as I do!" said Mrs. Halloran. leeding much shocked at the news. sent for me, and I was about declining the invitation, -for I despised

the fellow nost heartily, and expected no good from him, -when something impelled me to go; and go I did. I sa that he was hastening at a rapid pace to answer to a just Judge for the teeds cone in the body : so I softened a little, and spoke to him like a Chris-

tian. " I thank you for coming,' he said, in a husky voice, after I had taken my seat by the bedside. You are the friend of those to whom I wish to make restitution. I mean John Hailoran's family. Mary was my first love: I had hoped to win her; but she preferred another, and from that day I lived only for revenge. I hated John Halloras But time grows short. the events which have transpired within the last year or two, and how my revenge has been attained and grati-ted. But I am dying, and cannot say all that I wish. A lew months ago I saw Mary, and I saw her child, the only thing on earth that Hoved, dying, Mary was haughty and agitated, and told me in plain language that I was unwelcome, and that she scorned me too much to receive the slightest favor or kineness from me. It ent deep, sir; it stung me almost to frenzy. But the child turned her angel face toward me, and smiled while she held out her vasted land of veicome ne. were sweet and trusting ones. I have never forgotten that moment. That bright little face has come to me in my dreams, and stood out from the was a large case, so heavy that it took twilight beside me; it has pursued me six stout sailors to lift it in. Dennis verywhere, and down in my heart I have heard her whispers stessing, just about its containing the old silver, as they did that day. If I had lived, gold, and jewels of the family, and the ny cursed pride would have helped ne tars troubled themselves no more about through; but I am dying; and though I don't believe in the fables of Chrisnoble moral motive in the act, I wish

nemory blotted away from the earthtions spit on my grave for wh fore have left to you, as the best and oldest friend of Mary Hailoran and her son, to hold in to get for them until Desmond is of age, the estates of Glendarif, with all lands, properties, and moneys appertaining thereto. The documents are all legally drawn 10, and we only awaited your coming to sign them. Call Lawyer Dushane in. he said to a gentleman who was in the room. "A glass of water, major: I am sinking very fact." And gad, madam, he got so white and gasped so, that I thought he'd be of before he got the papers signed but he railied, and when they all came up, the lawyer, the actorney, and the apothecary, with the papers, he was able to write his name as steadily as he ever did in his life, then watched us as we signed ours. said but little, egad; for, altogether, it put me out of breath. I was dumb founded, nonpiused to an entirety, I

so evenly, that I didn't see why should be ther about it if he didn't. More," I said, 'you have done an act which God and man will approve. I thought, sir, the old hon rale blood in your veins was only under an eclipse; and I'm glad from my soul, sir for the honorable name you bear, that you have wiped this stigma away. But, sir, you will be before the face of an alnighty and terrible God, who will judge you not as man judges. Let me seech you, then, to make your peace

afraid I might say or do something unbe-

"Do you comember where I was edu-cated, major?" he said, with a ghastly smile of derision. There, sir, is the apostie of my creed. And I followed the glance of his eye, and saw on the pantel-piece & narble bust of Voltaire, whose sardonic countenance, in which was blended the scorn of Lucsfer and the leer of Beilal, could only find its likeness in the lowest cell of perdition. You jest, Mr. More. I will not

with Him while you may."

believe that you really entertain onin asylum for their declining day one so unworthy of an immortal soullons so unworthly of an immortal soulbe said, that, after applying a
coinions so daring and perilons, in a
of his wealth to the escapilland Have you been tonsured Major ?

at Kildare couldn't preach a better sermon. But have done. Like an Epicurean have I lived; amid roses and wheet me die. Ho! whee—the old Tokay, and the crusted port! fetch it up, quick! Never mind the soll-webs on Never mind the ach vebs on oneir necks-one black brave feilows." Then he began to toss, and writhe, and Mr. Hailoran's ther such peaks of francic laughter that I slipped from the room. They told me that at the last, when the ter ors and bitterness of death seized him. the most frightful visions haunced him; would tell them, in tender yet but at length, exhausted and powerless, he cursed God, and died. Such was

Mrs. Hailoran, who was leaning back, very pale, in her chair. "Oh, the loss of a soul is a most terrible considera-Pour, miserable Donald ! Why did you forsake God and scorn the truth in your early manhood ? Dear, Sir, I feel much overcome. Will you allow ne to retire or a little while "Yes: go, my dear child, and lie down; and don't forget that Glendarif

be alarmed; for I'm going to step out and tell the news to the rascal."

Dennis didn't exactly yell; he only sprang some four or five feet up in the air, and danced a jig, interspersed with such a variety of remarkable pirouetta and at short inservals such a hearty huzza, that the old major had muon with laughter at his antics, in which Ellen and the negro coachman heartily "Yes. He was thrown from his horse joined, without comprehending in the lesse what possessed him. At last he than his predecessor, scopped, and, wiping the perspiration rom his heated face, seized then and gentry of freiand, allowed the young kissed her, shook hands with the major. and flew at the grinning negro, whom

ie sprawied on the grass. believe, now, your honor, that the divil's out of me intirely," he said, quietly; " an' I beg your honor's parton for cutting up such a shindy I couldn't help it. There, Mr. Snow, I declare to man I did't intend the laste harm in the world, only you stood in the way of it, an' caught it. Come into he kitchen, Ellen, an hear what I've got to tell you; an', bedad, if you don't the enimbly I shall be glad. Major O'Grady, be plased to excus nigleet, but walk into the drawin'-com be sated, and have some refreshnenus.

" No, I thank you, Byrne. I'm going over to the old cloisters for a little while. I shall be ready for dinner when get back. See that I'm not kept

The major wished to visit the "little ady's grave; for he, in common with all who had ever known her, loved the strange, old-timed little one; he vished also to look at that tombstone, nade of the finest Italian marble, and carved by master hand, which had cost almost its weight in gold, and whose history he alone knew, and had sworn to a dying man never to reveal, less it should aione be torn away and cast in scorn from the sacred spot where he had planted it.

In a few weeks Mary Hailoran and Desmond, with Dennis to protect them, were on the broad seas, on their way to Buston, where a fair and beautiful home and loving and friendly hearts awaited their coming. In one of the staterooms of the ship, so carefully guarded that Mrs. Hailoran herself kept the key, Byrne had given out mysterious hints tars troubled themselves no more about it, except to say, every now and then,

weret; for the freight of that pysics ous case "ad added £150 to th of the voyage. It was a shell within a shell. The outer one was of oak, bander with iron ; within was another which contained one of rosewood, heid a small, fragile, witherest which was once a living, breathin loving child. It was the body of his Gracie, which her father had dis to be brought to him, that it might be ween beside it. In the hold of head and footstone, carefully pack

the accomplished much toward its ful fliment; and God, blessing her earnest endeavor, provided for the rest. Her

day dreams turned to real, anhat

things; she saw those she loved reenough she tho human heart, after charity, is gra and it is one which God sees fit, in His divine providence, to reward man times, even on earth. In coming the occasion. Then, I deciare to you, I thought of the poor weetsh's lying on Mary Hailoran's breast and saw Dennis Byrne set up in a three soul for the first time for he was so caim and deliberate, and talked away ing business by Mr. Hailoran, who is the receipt of abundant suppli Ireland, was enabled to establ on a capital basis, which gave him apportunity to develop and capacities for business without em parrassment; and, as the year in, Nora became the wife of her long bried and faithful lover. She dre \$200, all that was left of Mr. gift, and furnished neatly and substa maily a small house, where she lived happiness and comfort-content with cheerful and willing heart. And, afte years had passed away and Nora's chil tren gathered around her, they remove to a larger and handsomer house— house which we have been in before one which, with its modern repairs and elegant improvements, we can scarcely recognize. Mr. Mailow had claimed the promise the nade him when she refused to be his wife, not only for him seif but for Mrs. Sydney, who, old and 1 m, could no longer help herself, Nora Byrne they found a safe and happ said, that, after applying a portio poor man's bank," to divide the rest between Upon my honor, his reverence over there Nora's children. Need we say th bond between the Hailorans and the Byrnes grew stronger with time, that the troubled days of the past were often spoken of between them with When the anniver deep emotion? of Gracie's death, or rather her hirth into immortal life, came round, it Nora's and take them out little grave : and while the tomb and grave with flowers, he ful accents, the brief but beautiful his cory of her life, and of its holy has away, Ellen remained at home, and This news is norrible, major," said at Mrs. Halloran's request, was stailed as housekeeper as Glendariff, take care of and show the place ; for had become a place of pligrimage for strangers-indeed, for heard its history and who dared to go to the verge of treason and do hor to John Hailoran. And if you wish to know bow Nora prospers go to the rge and antistantial new w the right hand side of — dock, and ass the purely, prosperous merchant within how he gets on. You can easily find the place; for over the door is written in large black letters, Byrne & and the Co. is good Thomas McGinnis. Desmond is of age, and has gone to take possession of his estate. was, as first, a formidable array of ob jections interposed by the ever active and argus-eyed govern garding the matter, and the affair was carried before the courts, and finally to the decision of the Lord

> is whispered, will, in a year or so, be mistress of Glendariff. Influencial friends at home, who had never cessed to interest the obtain permission or John Hailoran to return to freiand at length met with questionable success; but the parter was so transmeted with conditions which would have embarrassed and annoyed him on all occasions when he might have aided his countrymen, at ease by his advice, and slightest public interest in passing evenus waid have been construed in treason, that he rejected it with indigthey honored him, never to mother actempt of the kind in his behaif. good citizen, whose position and influence rank high-prosperons an a honored-his adopted country feels proud of his virtues and talents respects the Faith which he illustrates

one Cacholie people and

neir to enter on the full possession of

his estate, its immunities and privil

ne was the guest of Major O'Grady.

whose beautiful daughter Florer

conciliate

The Widow Blake was not forgotter by our exiles in their prosperity, but eceived kindly and generous aid from them in their undertakings, which led to substantial comfort—for which she never seased to thank God, and always terred to the night Mr. Hailoran feil reensible on her steps, as the most fortunate day of her life.

And when, in the quiet twilight hour, John Hailoran and his wife often talked, in low, tender tones, over the troubled past, they never failed to re-fer to Nora Brady's Vow as the cause of their restored happiness.

Nors. - In alluding to the outbres of '48, I deem it proper, as nearly all the participators in it are living, state that John Hailorsa is a purely detitions personage, and the ever through; but I am typing; and though it, except to say, every now and then, out, in stronger relief, the virtues it was a wonder to see a lady. Nora Brady's character, who is a readily, and am not actuated by any monite moral motive in the act, I wish look so miserable and pale as Mrs. to be forgotten entirely—to have my Hailoran did." The captain was in the for the well being of triends at horse Nora Brady's character, who is a real deserving It was innehed ! tile estal was not pathetic sharp gla As he brushed

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